

HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



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THE SHOOTING STAR



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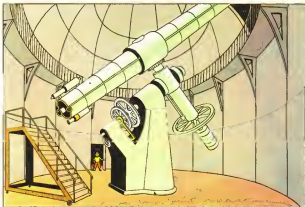
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THE SHOOTING STAR









Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Sah! It's me!



It's me, but sah!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleagues; he's deep in some very complicated scientific studies. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a worth seeing.



Let's have a look.



OH!

?



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...



It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!



And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Do legs? ... Hairy legs?



What's legs? ... Why, believe me, to that gigantic spider...

Spider? ... Is this your idea of a joke, young man?



Come and see for yourself!



By the rings of Saturn! You're right... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ... You see now!



How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of Meta symphatica... At least... No! It's an Araneus distendens! An enormous Araneus distendens!



Anyway, it's a spider! Right! What a spider! ... And it's travelling through space... Supposing it...?



Hallo, Professor... I've found the monster... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now



A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... Time to kill me!



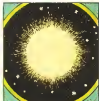
WOOAH!



Come and look now...



Well?



It looks like... it looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire!... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!



Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in Fusion...



But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it!

Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed



Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...!

Yes!.. That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth



Great heavens! But that's mean...

...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



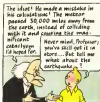




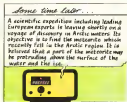














The expedition will be led by Professor Phostin, who has revealed the presence of a new unknown metal in the asteroids. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Syfronskyjald, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Father Perforin Belar, y Calamaran, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Pauli Cantabonius, of the University of Bern;



... Senator Pedro Jahn, the Senator, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

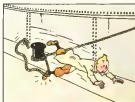


... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the paper;



... and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the U.S.S. Society of Seber Sailors, who will command the "Aurora," the vessel in which the expedition will embark.





Dynamite? ... Lucky for us pointing fall out the door!



Good old Smokey!
— He... well, he
did his best,
Captain...

Someone wanted to blow up the ship, or at least damage it badly. But why?



One thing, if I ever lay hands on that Perseus, he'll see a good display of fireworks!

Anyway, we must be on our guard. I suggest you go the rounds.



A good idea...

Yes, we must keep our eyes open.



You gangster, you!
... You won't escape me!



I've got you, you rat!



Help!
Help!

DYNAMITE!
SHAPSHOCKER!



Come on out, scoundrel!
Let's see you in the daylight!



Good gracious!
It's Professor Phizzle!

I shall comply! I shall comply to the Captain!



Professor Phizzle, allow me to introduce Captain Haddock... You must excuse him, but we've just discovered an attempt at sabotage...

An attempt at sabotage?
Can that be possible?

Yes, watch of
on the
dynamite
deck!













The last meetings have been sent off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bolshevik Bank has financed the "Perry" expedition, there is no question of failure. Belovskaya: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Belovskaya. But still...



Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated. The fault of that Paul Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything.

Ah, good, good...



You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phaelix was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for me. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



This will blow away the clouds, ah, lovely! What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!



Do as I do, sunny. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.



Let's go off to the stern,
Sammy. Anyway, it'll soon
be time for lunch...



Look, Sammy, there's our compass up
there, on the catwalk. It will help us
in our search for the restaurant.



Along there, steward! ... You
can disregard lunch.
Everything's ready.



First service for
breakfast!



Where's Sammy got to?
I don't see him about.



Hey, steward, what's the meaning of this? The menu
says "Steak and eggs"? Right, where are the steaks?







Careful,
Snowy, mind
he if you go!



Water! ... I ...
Honestly, I
thought I'd
been swept over-
board. But Snowy!
...Miles! Snowy!



Snowy!



Snowy! ...



That was a near
thing, Snowy! ...
Heavens, what a
stumble! What a
brilliant storm!



Oh, it's you... Nice
little breeze,
what's it?



What? A breeze? Isn't
this a gale?

A gale? What an
idea! ... A mere
drought, that's all.



So we aren't in any danger,
then!

None. Still, you've got
to be careful, visibility's
about down to zero...
and the shipping lane
we're in now, the North
Channel, is a pretty busy
one.



... Lots of ships out there. How-
ever, the chance of a collision
are very slight... Each vessel
has navigation lights, so...



Help!

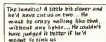
Thundering
explosions!



Hard a starboard!...



Perkes!... Shipwreck!...
San-Jack!... Fitzwater!...
Montana!... Rand-King!...
Fitzwater...
Saved!



The launch! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He would be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



And why not? That might be precisely what he intended.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain, that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt.



Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth...?

Who would be stupid enough to pretend to carry out our search? Who but the "leaky" expedition, or whoever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?

Yes, coming in now Mr. Bell-mack. A radio signal...



S.S. Kentucky Star Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora, Operation still carried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The meddling Apple! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!



Oh, wifery! I feel so ill! I feel terribly ill!

I feel sick...
Droosh...



Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

Do as you please... just let me lie in peace.



Again!... I feel better already.





Bethelheim Bank to Swathers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reyjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refueling polar vessel Aurora. There! Have that sent in the secret code



The next morning...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be stopping here, leave, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There, I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refueled with oil.



Polar research ship Aurora. Captain Haddock.



Oh!... I... I've had news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, if you hear?



That sounds like an argument...



It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!



Remember! On your own head be it!









Amazing! h! ...
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!



Look, where is your
ship moored?

Yes, where's she
moored, the
"Sirius", the
"Sirius"?



That's fine! ... And you're
referring to another crew-
ing? ... Splendid! ... Now,
listen ...

Go to it - listen carefully,
Captain. This may al-
ways help you to a
different idea.



The next morning ...



O.K., O.K.
They're big
ones, that's
all. Keep
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our
tanks are full ...



"Fishers, Sirs (H), Kaptajn!
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed: Payne." That'll
be done, Sirs. ...



Good. That's the
"Sirius" going out ...



It's the "Sirius"
... It's the
"Aurora"!!



A week later...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 18 West... You understand!



Right

Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed



And, don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the walrus.



There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.



Hallo T... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've got something?

The walrus?

Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear but there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



Hallo T... Hello T...



How extraordinary. They're
saying a great column of
white vapour on the
horizon

Quick!... Give
me the microphone



This is Professor Fleethy.
Tell me, does the column of
vapour seem to be coming
from a definite point? ...
You say there are no other
clouds in sight? The sky is
clear?



That's it!... They've found the meteorite!



Careful!... The microphone...



Forgive me. I forgot! Yes,
Captain, it's the meteorite
causing the column of vapour.
The heat venting from it has
already melted the ice.
Gradually the water sur-
rounding it is warming up.



That meteorite
is created, and
this is rising up
to form the
clouds which
they have seen.



Hello! Hello!
You have
found the
meteorite!...
Noway!... Hello!
Are you receiv-
ing me?



Hello!... Hello!... Hello!
They're not answering
my words!...



Tell me, Captain, should these
wires be connected to anything?

Thundering
typheonal!... The
leads weren't
plugged in!



There! That's
fixed it.



Hello!... Ah, you can
hear me... turn round
and come back... The
vapour is caused by
the meteorite... yes...
Come back, you've com-
pleted your mission.



All right, we're returning.



Look down there!...



Hello!... You?... What
did you say? Smoke? ...
Smoke from a ship?...
Where?... In which
direction?...





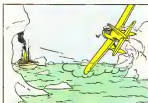
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



Thundering typhoon! ... They scraped against that ice... and that poor boat! ... Waaah! they just melted it!



We're done for that time, Snowy!



Hooray! He's a real ace!



We haven't a moment to lose, Cap! Take ...

What now?

The "Feary" is a hundred and fifty miles ahead of us. We must overtake her!

A hundred and fifty miles ahead!



This is the end ... we've lost the race.

No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart!

It's useless.



Look, the "Fairy" is there. And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Fairy" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Fairy".

Yes, unless they'd reached the Antarctic by then...

Captain, we must try to overtake the "Fairy"... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Trotter's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine!... But to catch up 150 miles!...

Impossible!... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...

All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky.

Some whisky? You! ...er... I'll just see if there is any...

You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

You bet I will!

On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle...

Give up the struggle? ... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! We'll show those P.P. Patagonians p-p-pinkies what we can do! The 1-1-illy-1-1-1-1-landlubbers!

Come on! We shall see what we shall see!... Show a leg! On deck with you!

Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!

Get on the wing! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!

Aye, aye, sir.

Noon, next day...

Hurray! ... There she is! ...
That's smoke from the
"Flory"!



We're steaming faster
than the ice! ... We'll
overtake them this
evening, or during the
night!



Captain!
A signal!



Read it! ... This is the last signal!
... What are we going to do? Distressing
messages, what are we going to do!



Ask our scientists
to come to the
cabin. Tell them I
have important
news ...



Gentlemen, I'd like to read your signal, we've just picked up.
It's a distress call. The boat is dysenteryed, ap of the engine-
matter now damaged. Even the names of the ship is
incomprable.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CIT... 30°45' N...
18°12' W... IN
COLLISION WITH
ICE... TAKING
WATER IN FLOOD.
- QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGENT...



There it is, gentlemen.
Either we can go to the aid
of this ship, abandoning
all hope of reaching the
coastline before the
"Flory" arrives, or we can
continue on our course,
and not answer that
call... It's up to you to de-
cide.



There's no question about it, Captain.
Human lives are in danger. We must
go to their aid, even if it costs us
our prize ...



I was sure of your
answer, Professor.
We'll go ahead, right
away ...

Bravo!















Oh Columbus! ...
They haven't seen
him! Poor Suavey!

Oh, my
dearness!



The radio! ... We
must warn him
by radio! ...



Hello! ... Hello! ...
Hello! ... Suavey's
gone with you! ... Yes,
Suavey ... He's clinging
to the port wing of
your aircraft.



We must
land. No, not in the
ice field ...



Hello! ... Hello! ...
Suavey is safe! Yes,
I've got him here
with me ...



We're getting near. There's the cloud
of vapour rising from the waterfalls ...



Some time later

Hello, hello! ... Captain Haddock
here. Any news?



There isn't a single iceberg in sight,
and the cloud of vapour is much
rarer. We certainly can't be very
far away now.



The westwinds! There's
the westwinds!



Well... That's
true... We can
see the water-
the...!



Really? You mean that?
... You can see the water?
(It)... Hokey! ... What's
it like?



It forms an
island, rising
gently towards the
west, and... Great
outside! The
"Fairy" has broken
up to it!



The "Fairy" has broken
them to it.



Tell me... I suppose
their flag is already
flying from the
top of the westwinds!



Their Flag? Well...
No, I can't see
a flag...



Hokey! Then there's
still hope!



Perhaps I can just make
out what's happening
about the "Fairy".
It looks as if... as if



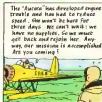
Yes... they're just lowering a boat...

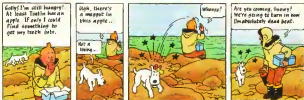








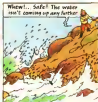




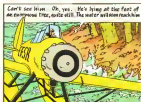


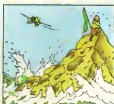












Here goes! It's
naak or nothing!
I simply must
save her!



What's he doing? ... Is he
going to land? ... It's sheer
madness!

I can't see him any more ...
I hope to heaven he hasn't
perished ...



He made it! He managed
to get down safely!



Now he's hidden by the
waves again ...



Hooray! He's suc-
ceeded in launching
the rubber dinghy.



I can't come any closer! I'd be
dashed on the rocks. I'll throw
you a line with a life-jacket
attached. Now is the time
and put the life-
jacket on.



Right!



Hurry quickly, Snarey!
We'll try to reach the
dinghy ...

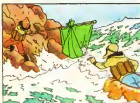


Jump in!
Never again!

Me!

Snarey! ... Snarey!
... Come on, come
here at once!





Got you!



Get it, last!

Now, let's get out
of here, fast!



What an idiot
I am!



?



What are you doing?
It's useless to go back!



For heaven's sake, come back!
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a jump of the meteorite
for Professor Pencil. Otherwise
all our efforts will have been wasted!



Quick! ... Catch!



Quick! ... I
can't see Gertie!







Look out!



BOOM



Some weeks later...

The polar research ship "Arctura", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves - probably as a result of some underwater explosion.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, about on the island at the very moment...

... when it was smashed by the sea, it was possible to save a tone of the metal found in the meteorite by Professor Rastap. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal, decomposition of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. It may therefore look forward to more important discoveries.



If it were known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Arctura" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition, those responsible will soon be exposed, and their heads unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful black face financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?



Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.

What's up, Captain? ... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!
LAND HO!



Thundering typhoons! Land... and about time, too!



Why?... Are we out of fuel-oil?

Worse than that! ... We're out of whiskey!!



THE
END



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phroso, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite, it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search to polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

IN THIS SERIES BY HERGE

THE CAB WITH THE
GOLDEN CLAYS
KING OTTOGRAS'S SECRET
THE SECRET OF THE
UNICORN
RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE
DESTINATION MOON
EXPLORERS ON THE MOON

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR
THE RED SEA SHARKS
THE SHOOTING STAR
TINTIN IN TIBET
THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS
PRISONERS OF THE SUN
THE CASTLE OF THE LEMBA
THE BLACK ISLAND



(Tintin film books)

TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN PUZZLE
TINTIN AND THE BLUE GRANCES

